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NOVEMBER, 1899.

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THE MANIFESTO.

Books & Papers.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for October contains the first part of a masterly review, by the Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, of The Finances of Our Wars. In this article, which is elaborately illustrated from official sources, Secretary Gage discusses most interestingly, and without resort to dry figures or statistics, the finances and financiers of the Revolution, the Continental paper currency, and the war of 1812. The Mexican War, the Civil War and the late Spanish-American conflict, will be treated in a second paper. Walter Camp writes a seasonable and sensible article upon College Athletics. Edgar Allan Poe's College Days, at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, are discussed in a richly illustrated article by Jennie Bard Dugdale, apropos of the unveiling of Zolnay's famous bust of Poe, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the poet's untimely death—October 7th. Liquefied Air and Its Uses, by Dr. George H. Johnson, is an ideal "popular science" paper, sound in its physics and entertaining in its illustrated account of the marvelous experiments. Women as Farmers, are written about by W. R. Draper, who asserts that women who own and run their farms, without any male assistance, constitute thirty per cent of the farming population of Kansas and Oklahoma. Fritz Morris makes instructive comparisons in his illustrated article about European Fire-Fighters. Frank R. Stockton's wonderful sea yarn, entitled The Snowflake of the Service and capably illustrated by Rosenmeyer, is the leading short story and there is much other interesting matter.

A .B. Frost, the artist, has undertaken what is thus far his most ambitious and sustained piece of work in a series of eight paintings, entitled A. B. Frost's Country Folks. The series will present the best of the American rural types in the different aspects of their social and neighborhood life. Each painting will be distinct and be given a full-page reproduction in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the series running through that magazine for eight issues, beginning with the Christmas number.

Yale graduates will turn with special interest in the illustrated Educational Number of THE OUTLOOK to the extremely readable article by Mr. Arthur Reed Kimball on Yale as a University. The occasion, as indicated by the sub-title, is the fact that Yale is now almost at the threshold of her third century, and the immediate forward movement expected under the newly chosen President is a matter of great importance. Mr. Kimball describes the actual condition of Yale, in equipment, purpose and spirit, very fully,

and at the same time in anything but a dry-as-dust manner. There are many pictures accompanying the article. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Co., N. Y.)

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIEO-THERAPY for September has for its table of contents,—Our duty to Hygieo-Therapy and her needs by Rose B. Jackson, M. D. Hygieo-Therapy by Annie M. Goodale. Meat eating is injurious to health, by E. G. Schafer. Supreme Court decision by Dr. Gifford. Following these articles are several very interesting letters by those interested in "Invalid's Home." The whole Magazine contains a fund of valuable knowledge. Dr. T. O. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

One hundred and thirteen years before the hour in which Voltaire was crowned, a French priest was borne, in a dying state, down to the shore of Lake Michigan, borne tenderly in the arms of the children of the forest whom he loved and who loved him in return. And they laid him down to die as he prayed to die—in the wilderness and amongst his beloved Illini. He called those children of the forest around him one by one; and when they came he spoke their names and kissed them, and taking off the crucifix his mother in far-off France had given him, he placed it in the hands of one of them, asking him to hold it raised before him, and then, with his hands clasped and his eyes raised to the sacred symbol, he thanked God for the grace He did in permitting him to die a missionary of Jesus Christ. Silent for a time, he said slowly, *'my soul hangs upon His word,'* and the spirit of the great Marquette, priest, missionary and explorer, had passed to its Creator and Savior. *'Greater love than this no man knoweth.'* Marquette, Voltaire! whose tomb is to-day the more glorious? He who unfolded to the savage outcasts of civilization their high immortal destiny, or he who strove with all his might and power to erase every vestige of hope from the tombstones of the world.—Rev. J. T. Roche in *October Donahoe's*.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR POISON by Mary and Margaret W. Letch. This little work is an earnest appeal for help by the missionaries of India. "There is a great thirst for education throughout India. Education is spreading like wild fire. Hindoos are already beginning to tax themselves for education and that will be the most popular tax in the country. But what is being done? They are going in for the education of these 290 millions. But it will be a godless education." Pub. by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE PROOF OF MIRACLES by Henry F. Brownson, L. L. D. "No man can say that miracles are not possible, for we know that God can work a miracle if he chooses, since he is omnipotent and a miracle implies no contradiction." Pub. at Notre Dame, Ind. Price 5 cts.

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The Manifesto.

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No 11.

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THE HEART AND THE HANDS.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

SOME persons who may love to quibble, better than they love to confine themselves to a Christian discipline, can only speak of the body as an anatomical structure, and that a reference to the affections of the heart, or the compassion of the bowels, is foolish, as everything, they say, comes under the domination of the brain.

It is well, however, that all are not forced to think alike. In speaking of a pure heart, an earlier race has been pleased to designate it as the place of the affections. "Our heart shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in his holy name." The prophet in his ecstasy then said that God would give a new heart to his people, and would also put a new spirit within them.

Clean hands are equally as necessary, as we make reference to a spiritual work. "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart shall receive the blessing of righteousness from the God of his salvation." The taking of bribes was so potent in its influence, that the prophets had no hesitancy in saying that it was a fraudulent and unclean transaction. So carefully were the hands to be guarded that even the giving of alms came under a close inspection, to avoid the stimulating of vanity. On this point the people were advised not to let the left hand know what the right hand did, while under the influence of a generous spirit. This is all very nice, and just as it should be in the language of the Bible, and a careful study of this beautiful form of ex-

pression is very commendable. While we have the enjoyment of this spiritual thought, we must not forget the great necessity of having clean hands as a sanitary and a moral influence.

Everything pertaining to our lives, forms a more or less direct impression upon those who are with us, and no duty is so small or so obscure but that it needs our careful attention. The hands are easily soiled and without special attention will soon become very unsightly. Our only remedy in this case is a conscientious use of soap and water.

Although there may be individuals and families, and even tribes, who seemingly belong to the family of the "great unwashed," and whose spirituality must be equally as low, yet it would seem that cleanliness was prominently in the creative plan. The better class of human beings, in all probability soon devised a way to accomplish that which adds so much to the comfort of life, and to the pleasure of society.

A few years since, a wise, but seemingly eccentric individual gave notice publicly, that he should refuse to shake hands with either man or woman, and gave as his reason for arriving at this singular conclusion, that the majority of people presented hands that were not only unwashed, but often repellant. While it is very essential that we should hold in remembrance the great value of spiritual, clean hands, and a spiritual pure heart, we must not forget that "Cleanliness comes next to godliness," and may be so closely conjoined that it would be difficult to make a separation.

East Canterbury, N. H.

[The following hymn will find a ready response in many hearts. It was evidently written at the time of the organization of the Community, by one of the old heroes of the American Revolution. Ed.]

THE SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

The King of kings, and Lord of hosts,
Has blown his trumpet in our coasts,
And round his standard now appears
A valiant band of volunteers.
Their loins are girt, their feet are shod
With the unerring truth of God,
And by the truth they now begin
To overthrow the man of sin.

Against the foe they now advance,
Each with his bow and glittering lance,
And though they're friends to all mankind,
They crucify a carnal mind.
They spare no idol, great nor small,
But pass one sentence on them all.

And cut and slash on every hand,
To purge all evil from the land.

They're well equipt with gospel arms,
And make no peace on any terms,
Nor with the flesh will stand to treat,
But strike at every lust they meet.
They will admit no vain excuse,
To let one vile affection loose,
But bind the captive fast in chains,
While one flesh-pleasing tie remains.

Now every soul that would do right,
Is welcome to enlist and fight;
These weapons of victorious truth,
Are for the aged and the youth.
No soul of man does God exclude
From hating sin and doing good;
And in such souls, we do maintain,
The God of truth will ever reign.

While living truth, like burning coals,
Is purging evil from our souls,
We know we are in Him that's true,
And what He says we freely do;
The empire of eternal bliss,
Has its foundation laid in this,
And all who gain this holy ground,
With everlasting life are crowned.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

HE GIVETH POWER TO THE FAINT.

By Virgie Breedlove.

SAY what you may to the contrary, whoever lives in this world without communion with God, lives poorly. There is nothing which the human mind can feed upon and thrive thereby, that can so strengthen it and give it the needful thrift and culture as the living forces which God can impart.

Human nature can not develop its best by the sources of strength which are fitted for bodily uses alone. The soul needs to be nourished as much as the body, and the food on which it can thrive the best is that which it obtains when it is in sympathetic, loving communion with its Maker.

Such intercourse is easy if we will but have it so; the Bible describes with minute precision the true way to get to God, and having found Him, to draw upon Him for the supply of his needs. This way is through Jesus Christ.

Jesus has said "I am the way, the truth and the life." There is nothing derogatory to the dignity nor to the freedom of human nature therein, so let us not live alone, nor be down-hearted, for he giveth power to the faint, and they that have no might, he increaseth their strength, for the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

Nevertheless, no human soul is satisfied with merely sensuous apprehensions of God. It seeks to pass beyond what the eye can see, or the ear can hear, to that condition of apprehension where interior consciousness is satisfied only by personal communion,—is satisfied to live in God, that our lives may be hid with Christ, and then throughout the endless ages there will be neither defeat, decay nor death.

South Union, Ky.

"WE ARE ABLE."

By Jessie Evans.

IT is not difficult to pass in imagination to the scene which Scripture throws upon and around the three simple words under consideration. We see the Savior and his twelve disciples on their way to Jerusalem. St. Mark pictures Jesus as leading the way, and the privileged twelve following, awed by the silent, forceful spiritual ministration which emanates from his thought as legitimately as does fragrance from the heart of the rose.

His mind is not earth-born, and at this moment is with its parentage. He is communing with his heavenly Father about the bitter cup, the Gethsemane agony which is soon to close his earthly portion. He walks on for a while forgetful, perhaps, of the presence of even his beloved companions. He and his "Father are one"—not an unconscious unity, but the positive absence of all separateness, a oneness established by the tests of the Jordan, the wilderness, the mountain, and by the prophetic current coursing through his mind, which has laid open to him his future betrayal, scourging, death. The human nerves shrink at the divine decree, but "I and my Father are one" throws strength over the human and its momentary quiverings are lost in the contemplation of the almightiness of the compact.

Suddenly he remembers the twelve, and turning he speaks to them of his approaching agonies, dwelling with his usual tender consideration upon the happier thought of his resurrection upon the third day. Little apprehend they of the awfulness that is to characterize the closing days of their Master's life, *but he knows.*

James and John, thinking mainly no doubt, of the glory of Christ's ascension, move forward eagerly, pleading, "Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory." The disciples instantly look indignantly toward the speakers, but Jesus is strangely

moved by the petition. Coming either from the mother or from the disciples themselves, it stirs his heart to its depths. "Ye know not what ye ask," he says, as the Gethsemane passport to that glory drops again into the horizon of his mental suffering. Then he remembers that they are his chosen ones, they have walked with him in his temptations, they worshiped at his transfiguration, and upon their hearts must the burden of the transmission of his gospel fall. He feels the pulse of their loyalty beneath the selfish appeal, he is assured of their ingenuousness; yet he gently asks; "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" They say unto him, only this: "We are able." The ambiguous verbosity of the Pharisee, the secret "if" of compromise rankling in the breast of the Judas so near by, breathe no poison into the simple clearness of the words. They stand out upon the sacred page embossed in an almost child-like simplicity, yet upon the sensitive ear of the suffering Savior they rest as balm. In this hour of bitter thought, their confident sincerity comforts him, and in tender earnestness fall the words: "Ye shall drink indeed of my cup and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with."

But he promises not to them the place in his Father's kingdom, for which they ask. He well knows that in drinking the cup of self-crucifixion, in experiencing the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, they will know no preference of place or name. No seat at the right or the left hand on any ideal throne of glory is the acme of the Christ work. As his heart bleeds even now for the world's great sorrow, so will theirs do; and in the virtue of service thereto they will find all the throne and heaven that heart can desire.

The subsequent history of the two brothers verifies the prophecy of Jesus. In the work of discipleship they figured prominently and well. Alas! they slept during the Savior's hour of deepest anguish, and it is recorded that only the beloved disciple John lingered to catch the last appointment of his Master; yet when the glorious day of Pentecost dawned, they who had declared themselves able to drink the cup and receive the baptism, were there "filled with the Holy Ghost" to preach the power of the risen Christ.

He who walked the streets of the material Jerusalem is no more, the Christ that reigns to-day in the spiritual Jerusalem, the Christ that is ever cognizant of the needs, the sins of the world that "God so loved" is an omnipresence. His spirit inclines as two or three meet touching any thing we would ask. In our human thoughtlessness we, too, like James and John, may ask for an end, but Christ will teach us that the *means* only are for us; we may desire an effect, but it springs from its corresponding cause.

The life which Jesus lived is a life of processes. Was ever intimation given by him of a goal, a resting-place for his workmen? The eternal knows no boundary lines, and recognizes neither time nor space. To the rich ruler, after teaching him the initiatory step to be taken, he said, "Then come and follow me." Where would he lead? To a final throne where he would rest

with his disciples on the right hand and the left hand in a flood of heavenly glory? More likely he would send him to the cold mountain-side after the hundredth sheep that had gone astray. The prodigal in the far country, the bowed head of the publican, the little children behind the angry disciples, Zaccheus in the tree-top, were the sights that arrested the Savior's attention, and the disciple must be "as his master." Nothing in his testimony suggests other than that "the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."

Christ's thinking moved always along divine lines, ours is sadly on the human, selfish plane. Yet with the confidence of James and John we may apply for a part with the Savior. The cup will bring its full bitterness, every heart must drink the heavenly elixir necessary for its purification, however uninviting. The baptism will inflict a straitening of all that interferes with the operations of the Holy Ghost and the fire. Then when the fan has thoroughly purged the floor the freed faculties will follow the Savior.

Christ says to us, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" And the greater Voice adds, "Fear not, for I am with thee. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." Hence, in implicit trust in God's protective promise, in the strength of our convictions, in our love toward the questioning Christ, we eagerly, lovingly respond, "We are able."

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

By Frederic McKechnie.

ON the 21st of August, a small party from the North family, consisting of Brothers, Frederic and Daniel, Eldress Anna and Sisters, Sarah and Cecelia set out to attend the conference of the Universal Peace Union, at Mystic, Conn. We went by the way of the Hudson river to New York, and thence by steamer to Stonington, and a brief railway ride in the early morning of Wednesday brought us to the Mystic.

The sessions of the first day were only sparsely attended, but on Thursday and Friday the auditorium was filled both morning and afternoon, and in the evening there was a very fair attendance.

The first speaker was Benjamin F. Trueblood, of Boston. He had been to the great Disarmament conference at The Hague, talked with many of those who took part in it, and gave us a very interesting account of its proceedings, predicting as one of its results that conferences of a similar nature would become more and more frequent. He was hopeful that its influence

would be potent for peace in the future, notwithstanding that it seems to have done so little of immediate importance for the cause of peace and goodwill between nations.

It was a feature of this year's conference at Mystic, that speakers did not content themselves with merely calling for peace, but took a wider sweep of thought and dealt with the causes that helped to produce its opposite—war.

Thus, one speaker dealt with the dietetic question. She respectfully submitted that if we ate what nourished the body and yet did not supply stimulus to the animal nature in us, namely, fruits, nuts and grains we should be helping along the cause of universal peace in a very substantial way. A man, she said, who spent his days slaughtering oxen, sheep or hogs, would not find it so difficult to go out and slaughter his fellowmen as would one who habitually abstained from eating scorched or parboiled portions of these animals, and those who habitually eat flesh-food are responsible for the existence of slaughter-houses and all the horrors connected therewith.

Another speaker took up the temperance aspect of the question, and contended for the total prohibition of the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquor as a means whereby men would come into a more peaceable frame of mind. He said that many times men had to be maddened with ardent spirits before they were fit to fight and if they never tasted these fiery waters, they would be unfit to and never want to fight.

William Lloyd Garrison, son of the famous anti-slavery apostle, read an able paper on the general ethics of war. He condemned war as wrong, absolutely and always wrong, and never under any circumstances a necessary means of settling international disputes.

Professor Batchelor was the name of another speaker, but his remarks consisted of an explanation of the work he was doing among the children of Mystic. He said that children were educated into war by "Boys' Brigades" and the like, and he thought they had a right to be educated into peace. His method is to take the children with him out into the neighboring fields and woods, and by the sea-shore and taking up anything that interests them in the course of their ramble, explain it to them in simple language. He carefully avoids all display of learning but at the same time tries to give them a correct idea of some of the wonderful processes of the natural creation. He finds that this way of studying natural objects has a very refining effect on the children. Some that were rude and uncouth are become mild and well behaved, and they all are very much attached to him; and for a good reason; the Professor is attached to them, literally gives himself to them, and it does not take children long to find out who love them and who do not.

These were the principal speakers, but there were many more; so many that time could not be found for all of them to address the audience. Eldress Anna, of our party, read a paper she had prepared entitled "Voices from Mt. Lebanon." It was very well received. And Bro. Daniel read a poem

by Sister Cecelia, entitled, "The American Flag." We were frequently called upon in the course of the three days we were there to sing, which we did, trying through that medium to convey the sympathy and support we felt for the great cause of peace and good-will on the earth. From the many expressions of good feeling we met with, we believe we succeeded in our efforts in this direction and it was felt that in us they had those who would stand by the white flag of purity and peace until the whole earth was gathered beneath its snowy folds. It did us all good to meet with so many real live people and whether we visit Mystic again or not we shall not soon forget the conference of 1899.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

A SEARCH LIGHT.

By Elder Ernest Pick.

"**Y**OU did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth, so that ye can not do the things that ye would.—Gal. v., 7-17. The present state of our Society is one of unrest, confusion and dissatisfaction. Wherever we turn, whomsoever we meet, we find discontent, criticism and a strong desire for reform. Is communism a failure? Is Shakerism on the decline?

All of us agree that some reform is needed to resurrect our cause to its former prosperity in labor and in spirit. Nobody, however, sees the way clear, out of the woods.

The reason for this is, that as a people at large we lack purity of heart. "The pure in heart shall see God." But this is nothing new. History repeats itself, and our conditions have been among professing Christians before this day. After the mighty impetus for righteousness, started by the presence and life of Christ, had weakened in the time of the Apostles, similar to the relaxing zeal of Mother Ann's followers of the present day, Paul gives them and us the reasons in language not to be mistaken. "Ye did run well, who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?" "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "But if you bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." "This I say then, walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh." "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye can not do the things that ye would."—Gal. v., 7-17.

And this is just the dilemma we are in as a people, "so that we can not do the things that we would." In Gal. v., 19, 20, 21, Paul gives us that appalling catalogue of evils our mortal natures are and have been suffering under. How dreadful these accusations! They are incomplete, and in our modern days we could add to the list;—the degrading habit of the use of to-

bacco in all forms; the use of vile language; the monkeyish way of dressing some among us have adopted who are after the changing fashions of the world. Last, but not least the growing element of a class of modern Shakers who are above a certain class of work and household duties, generally called drudgery. My heart burns with indignation to see old and young, those of tender age and those whose hair has grown gray in a life-time's labor, toil from morning to evening, while others strut around in the door-yard or read novels and papers in their rooms, willing enough to handle the dishes, food and tools at the table, but not in the sink. These drones would soon undermine the fundamental principle of our order, the brotherhood and sisterhood and institute the relation of master and servant, madam and servant-girl.

Let each tub stand on its own bottom. "Work out your own salvation," often we find, "in fear and trembling." There is no salvation by proxy, whether in temporal or spiritual labor. Let us then turn from the flesh-pots of Egypt and stretch out our hands for the manna of a higher life, which gives us the fruit of the Spirit.

"If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." "Let us not be desirous of vainglory, provoking one another," for plunder and rubbish that can be had in any dry goods store. But let us get a firmer hold, a stronger grasp on the treasures of heaven.

The Gospel is not a dead issue yet, not by any means. Like a thief in the night, it may, and will surprise us with revelations new. The prophets of old have not yet proved liars and fools, uttering vague imageries—yea, their most sanguine promises may and will be left far behind by the glory of a coming day and work. The mountain of doubt, darkness and confusion will be removed by one single word of faith,—true faith!

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

INSTRUMENTALITIES.

Oliver C. Hampton.

NO one need to look further than the solar system, to be convinced that system, as inexorable as mathematics, governs the universe. All the planets revolve about the sun with undeviating exactness; so much so, that in the history of the science of astronomy, no important discrepancy has been known. Although we know all this gigantic phenomenon of the solar system, to have been the word and breath of the Almighty; yet there seems to run through the whole, a plan of instrumentality. The conditions of the earth are dependent upon the influence of the sun. His direct effects are almost infinite. Again, vegetables seem to be dependent upon minerals, animals upon vegetables, as instrumentalities in their production and existence.

The gradual evolution of the race of man from the savage to its present advanced state of perfection, seems to have progressed in a scientific and

perfect order of instrumentalities. "Without variableness or shadow of turning," and man has so far copied the wisdom of nature, in his upward progress that he too seems to come under the category of all the phenomena preceding him.

For almost all objects and projects, looking to improvement in any and all directions, men organize themselves into companies, bands, associations, syndicates, trusts, monopolies, and church institutions. Each branch of such organizations is run, not by the great Spirit himself, but by some personal instrumentality best adapted for it. Jesus knew this science of systematic arrangement and its necessary operation through human instrumentalities far better than we do. He founded the Pentecostal church on the plan of human instrumentalities, both in its temporal and spiritual character. Although all the members of his Church could and did at all times invoke the aid of the Most High, for aid and strength in the hours of adversity and sorrow; yet they could not walk in utter independence of the order and systematic organization of the church, without becoming gradually dissevered therefrom and losing the united strength thereof to such an extent as to fail of the salvation of a united church which was as much greater than any isolated effort as the heat and efficacy of a gathered heap of fuel is greater than one isolated fire-brand. When a man steps out of a corporation or syndicate he knows instantly how much his isolated ability is likely to stand him in stead, compared with his power while belonging to a united institution all pulling in the direction of his interests and he toward theirs.

But alas! This condition of systematic organization requires obedience to its regulations, (not to any man or men as such, but to their gift of direction and authority as instrumentalities for the upbuilding, prosperity and perpetuity of the church.) Here is where a great deal of friction comes, and a great deal of self-sacrifice. But without just this condition of things how is selfishness to be destroyed, and without the destruction of selfishness what possible hope is there for our happiness, here or hereafter? In this church, the instrumentalities for our discipline and travel out of all lust and selfish propinquities are unspeakable advantages which can not be discussed at length without making this article too long, but after seventy-seven years' experience in all situations, both lay and clerical, I am ready to give it my heartiest indorsement and to agree that the rapt Prophet saw the beauty and poetry as well as the divine and saving efficacy of this Pentecostal church of our Savior and Mother when he exclaimed "Behold a King (Christ) shall reign in righteousness, Princes (Officers in the Church) shall rule in judgment, and a Man (Men and Women) shall be made as an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place and as the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

Union Village, Ohio.

RETALIATION AND FORGIVENESS.

By Lillian Phelps.

BEFORE Moses' day the people were accustomed to live according to their human feelings which repaid doubly every injury received, knowing no higher law. Then Moses, under divine guidance, taught the law of Justice,—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" which was to give as much, and no more than was received.

But Jesus brought to the knowledge of men the divine law of Love, for "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

These three stages are types of the growth of a soul. From birth, the first thought is to defend one's self against censure, injury or that which wounds the selfish nature. As the soul matures it learns to deal in strict justice, giving only in the measure that has been received. Yet this leaves the soul in the state of nature.

When a soul attains the divine law of Love, he finds no place for revenge or retaliation for he is governed by this law; "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Where this Christ love has taken possession of the heart no hatred or hard feelings can find a place, and the divine command, "Love your enemies" is no longer a hard saying; neither is it difficult to forgive as we would be forgiven for the indwelling spirit of Christ, if it is there, can manifest itself in no other way.

One writer has beautifully worded this sentiment in the following lines,—

Oh forgive and forget, if the friends we love fondly
Prove themselves to be false, and unworthy of trust,
Oh deal with them kindly, for they are but mortals,
Erring like us—for we too are but dust.

Oh deal with them tenderly, pity their weakness,
We know every heart hath its evil and good,
We all have one Father in heaven, hence are brothers,
Then let us forgive and forget, as we should.

East Canterbury, N. H.

My human patience drooped amid the trial
And wearily my soul sought Christ in tears,
O Teacher blest, what heavenly lesson needful
Hast thou to-day to soothe these anxious fears?
His gentle spirit readily gave answer,
"When earth denies thee peace and rest of mind
Thy love to God express by help to neighbor
And as thou givest comfort thou shalt find."—*J. E.*

THE MANIFESTO.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the Order and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness. Address,

HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury, N. H.

NOTICE.

OUR little Magazine which at the present time is known as "THE MANIFESTO," issued its first number in January, 1871, at Watervliet, N. Y. At that time it bore the very pleasant but modest title, "The Shaker." It was the messenger of "good news," and in its advocacy of the testimony of the Christ, gave no uncertain sound.

Its publication has been sustained by the liberal contributions of the several Shaker Communities, as they have manifested a deep interest in its success as a medium for good to its own members, and no less to those who were not residents of the Community.

Possibly it may be after a term of some thirty years, "THE MANIFESTO" has accomplished all the good it can for the present, and may now go into retirement till another wave of enthusiasm calls it again into action.

To all who have ministered to the success of the little paper, as writers or readers, or to its circulation, we extend our kindest thanks. Times have changed. Money is scarce and the several Societies have suffered with the laboring classes in the common distress.

It is now proposed that the December number of "THE MANIFESTO" for 1899, shall be the closing of the publication.

The Directors.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

September.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.		Rain.	
1898.	65.	2.25	in
1899.	62.4	5.875	"
Highest Temp. during this mo. 80 above 0.			
Lowest	"	"	40
Number of rainy days		"	9
"	" clear	"	7
"	" cloudy	"	14

Oct. 1899.

NOTES ABOUT HOME should give an account of the tangible things of life which our eyes have looked upon; our hands have handled; our tongues have tasted; and our every sense has passed judgment upon and pronounced very good. Of this class I must number our apples, pears, cherries, and plums which are beauties to behold. This is the result of careful cultivation. When I look upon fruits which in form are as perfect as though dropped from the turning lathe without a mar, I say, certainly an artist's genius formed them. Such have been the fruits of our orchards, gardens, and farms. Our potatoes are as days of yore when we would as quick think the stones would rot as the potatoes. The ears of sweet corn look as if they had been cast in a mould. Hubbard squash vines have borne loads of fine squash. The same may be said of the cabbage supporting heads nine, ten, and eleven inches in diameter. But why begin to individualize; truly we are blest in our basket and our store.

We have been promised if we are faithful in temporal things we shall be blest with a fruition of the good things of the spirit world. Health and prosperity we certainly appreciate and daily are striving to secure. Folks generally well.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

Oct. 1899.

DEAR MANIFESTO;—A few more greetings from absent friends through your valuable mediumship, then we repeat the final good-bye. We shall not forget the happy interchange of thought wrought through the circulation of our long loved MANIFESTO.

Sunday afternoon of the 24th ult. in the Hall of the Church family Amanda Deyo, Vice president of the Universal Peace Union, delivered a soul-stirring address on the subject of Peace, portraying the beautiful effects of Universal Peace and the terrible degrading results of war in its varied forms. Her friends, Amanda Sholl and Martha Comegy were present; both are engaged in the same work. Annie M. Moody a leader in the spiritual and literary advancements of the day was present also.

Sunday morning, Oct. 1st, at the Church family, Prof. Daniel Bachelor a member of the Peace Union gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on the "Spiritual Teachings of Nature," showing how wonderfully all things material are sustained by spirit forces. Ah! said the Professor do trees think and talk? They most surely do. They show character, even as the human family. Notice how some display a disposition to shirk while others represent a more noble type; they work and hunt for nourishment and grow by their own efforts. One and a half hours the Professor discoursed on this wonderfully enchanting subject.

Our sweet corn harvest has exceeded our highest anticipations, a better yield was never known. Our apple crop is of the finest and best, large, fair and plentiful, just the kind to suit the taste of the most fastidious. Potatoes are splendid of mammoth proportions and delicious flavor, no one need hunger and thirst for the food of the farm is sufficient to supply all needs.

The nutting season is much enjoyed by the children whose bright eyes and nim-

ble fingers make sure of all that fall within their reach.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Oct. 1899.

It is a very true saying that we many times appreciate those treasures the most that have been lost or removed from our possession. From our correspondence we observe that almost universally the regret is expressed that our monthly Magazine is to be discontinued. We will then realize that it was a factor in helping to solve the problem of which of the forces shall dominate,—those that tend to consolidate and strengthen or disintegrating ones?

The age that we live in may properly be termed the reading age, as witnessed by the amount of literature, good, bad, and indifferent which is presented to the people. Where one listens to a verbal sermon, one thousand read it when published, and the necessity is becoming yearly more apparent that the best way to come into communion effectually with the mass of people is through the press.

The statement of Hawthorne, that under whatever conditions human life is found acting, the tendency is toward the brute, seems based on false reasoning, for the most effectual way to brutalize a human being is to insist that he is not capable of attaining any other standard; and it would need a very strong mind to advance above and beyond that condition when that doctrine was perpetually asserted to their minds.

While in all phases of human life there is need for improvement, the most effective way for it to advance is to present it with a superior ideal and insist that it can be attained and whatever the mistakes made keep that light before them, asserting that it must be followed; that the ideal thought must be actualized in life.

The Oct. number of "The Coming Age" presents a very able essay on "The Natural Laws of Permanent Peace," by Samuel Richard Fuller. When wars and the ru-

mors of wars are perpetually heralded and the glorification and exaltation of hero worship has placed those on fame's pedestal, who have given their energies to the destruction of life, and the nations are proclaiming with a loud voice "See the conquering hero comes."

It is blessed to come into communion with those souls who are able and willing to present something better than the old barbarian worship which crowned their oppressors and crucified their Saviors.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Oct. 1899.

ONE glance at the beautiful October woods reminds us that lovely summer has gone; that winter will soon take the place of autumn, and we shall all once more gather around the evening lamp, beside a cosy fire, away from the bitter winds that are so sure to accompany that dread season. Notwithstanding the long drought we have a fair harvest. Of ensilage corn crop never was better. The silo is filled with choice food for the cows. While cutting the corn the Brethren run the ensilage-cutter with a belt 160 feet long to prevent fire from the boiler. It worked nicely and no power was lost from length of belt.

It may be of interest to add that the potato-field from which our main crop was raised, is 70 rods long and is in two towns, two counties, and two congressional districts.

Although we expected very few apples the harvest brings us a goodly supply. The past week 13 bbls. of Baldwins were picked from two trees, in one p.m.

We were very glad to hear from the new Shaker Home at White Oak Ga., and we wish it every success in its spiritual and temporal growth. The Trustees in Maine say they are sorry that the other Trustees did not feel able to furnish means to keep THE MANIFESTO moving. The people in Alfred and Gloucester are united with the Trustees in the same spirit.

Ada S. Cummings.

Alfred, Me.

Oct. 1899.

SUMMER has left us with the record of a busy season. We have had success in disposing of our fancy work, among the mountains, and at the summer resorts along the sea shore.

Our potato crop was light but of good quality, apples are few.

Have harvested two hundred tons of ensilage corn with which the two silos at the barn have been filled and a large surplus left over which is being fed to the cattle.

We have gathered a hundred bushels of cranberries from our meadows; would have had more if the frost had not come to spoil them.

On the 2nd inst. a few snowflakes came fluttering down to warn us that winter is approaching. Colds are prevalent in society caused by sudden changes in the weather. Our Laundry is receiving a new coat of paint on the outside.

While we are gathering temporal blessings may we be mindful of the blessings which our Heavenly Father bestows on the faithful worker.

Eva M. Libbey.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

Oct. 1899.

AUTUMN, by right of inheritance, has once more ascended the throne and become monarch of the year. Summer occupied a back seat by the door through the greater part of her time, and now that she is banished, Autumn reigns with nothing to molest.

At his very first appearance his chilly air completely prostrated the tender plants of the garden, and the trees yielded up their luscious fruits to the hand of the harvester, and with drooping leaves, seemed to have resigned all pleasure and beauty. The maples, oaks and beeches, however, have decided not to withdraw without showing their colors, and stand arrayed in gorgeous apparel; the distant mountains are radiant with their beauty.

So quietly and obscurely did Summer do her work that we did not realize the

amount she had performed until now that we come to gather her golden legacy.

In early summer we said, "we shall have but just enough apples this year to fill the home measure, scantily," but lo, already 300 bbls. of the rosy balls have been sold and sent to other homes. Pears have been both pleasing and plentiful and have been duly picked, pared, preserved, pickled and,—peddled.

The potatoes have started out to see the world, a well-conditioned band, more numerous than for many years. The sweet corn was very satisfactory and was sold before the drying process was completed. Some 110 bbls. of it left yesterday and other car-loads will soon follow. We find by collecting and counting our gifts that we have cause for much gratitude to the "Lord of the Harvest" who has thus kindly blessed us, and the Thanksgiving day approaching should be filled with the expressions of praise and thankfulness which we daily feel.

Our gifts have been and are many; our blessings are great. Can we, as stewards of the kingdom of God withhold them from the needy? Our faith is noble, the light of our leaders, of our parents, glows brightly over us and can we hide its light or allow selfish interests to cloud its brightness? The seed for the kingdom of Christ on earth has been sown and can we allow it to perish, to be destroyed or crushed or choked in its growth? Let us arise and in Christ's resurrection power roll away the stones of doubt and indifference, and come forth in newness of life.

We are sowing daily sowing and what will the harvest be? We are building ever building for a great eternity. Shall the structure we are raising hold a light to all around, And the seed we now are sowing cause Christ's kingdom to abound?

Fidella Estabrook.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Oct. 1899.

LIKE Ruth of Bible days, we have been busy gleaning, until now there remaineth

none of the fruits of the land out of either storehouse or barn. The winter apples are a good crop, and pumpkins are unusually fine in flavor and huge in form. Three of the latter sufficed for a meal of the time-honored pumpkin pie for one hundred tasters.

The first snow-flake blew into sight on the 2nd inst. accompanied by a number of its mates, but so timid and tiny were they that they melted when we looked at them. When they grow up, we shall see more of them; they will, no doubt, be active and gregarious long after Home Notes have passed from sight if not from memory.

But we are reminded that as Christians, "we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The bond of fellowship between the various societies of Believers and the true friendship which sanctifies in Christ the relation we bear one to another, are among the real things and upon them we ask the blessing of God, that they may be multiplied and enriched until, as a people, we are what Christ our Pattern, would have us be, and what we all long to be.

Jessie Evans.

WORRYING.

ONE of the hardest lessons in the school of life is the avoidance of worry. Some scholars learn it much faster and more thoroughly than others do. Indeed, they seem to have been born without the capacity of worrying, and those who have not been so fortunate are sometimes disposed to deny that such beings are entitled to any credit for their philosophical behavior. Others never seem able to learn the lesson at all, but have to wear the dunce's cap for their obtuseness to the end of the chapter. The great majority of the men and women manage to learn the lesson, more or less perfectly after spending years in the effort, and after bitter experiences. Even the most chronic and appar-

ently hopeless worriers will willingly admit that there cannot be any intellectual and moral condition that is so absolutely useless. That it never made the future a bit brighter if it looked gloomy, nor in the slightest degree atoned for the errors of the past, is admitted by all. Indeed no sane person can deny it. And yet how prone most of us are to indulge in it more or less. Our reason tells us it is foolish and even sinful, that it is vain and profitless, and yet we indulge in it! Nowhere surely could a more convincing proof be found of the weak and unnatural condition to which man has been reduced by sin. For certainly, in its essence worrying is either an evidence of entire forgetfulness of God or distrust either of his willingness or his ability to help us and provide for us. Worry is always weakening, it fevers the brain, injures the digestion, impairs self-control, deranges the temper, enfeebles the whole nature, unfits a man or woman for making to the best effect those efforts which are necessary to rescue them from the very circumstances which are the bane of their existence and under the stress of which they are apt to say they "cannot help worrying."—*Selected.*

THE REFINER'S FIRE.

He sat by a furnace of seven-fold heat,
As He watched by the precious ore,
And closer He bent with a searching gaze
As He heated it more and more.

He knew He had ore that could stand the test,
And He wanted the finest gold
To mold as a crown for the King to wear,
Set with gems of a price untold.

So He laid our gold in the burning fire,
Tho we fain would have said Him "Nay"
And He watched the dross that we had
not seen,
As it melted, and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter, and yet more
bright,
But our eyes were so dim with tears,

We saw but the fire—not the Master's
hand,
And questioned with anxious fears.

Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow
As it mirrored a form above,
That bent o'er the fire, tho unseen by us,
With looks of ineffable love.

Can we think that it pleases His loving
heart,
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah! no, but He saw thro' the present cross
The bliss of eternal gain.

So He waited there with a watchful eye,
With a love that is strong and sure,
And our gold did not suffer a whit more
heat
Than was needed to make it pure.—*Sel.*

God has so arranged the chronometry
of our spirits that there shall be thousands
of moments between the striking
hours.

THE man who has so little knowledge
of human nature, as to seek happiness by
changing anything but his own disposition,
will waste his life in fruitless efforts
and multiply the griefs which he proposes
to remove.—*Colton.*

THE Bible is its own witness. It bears
its own fruits and tells its own story. The
great trouble with us is, we do not read
this book, we do not use it, we do not
understand it.—*H. L. Hastings.*

My neighbor in Christ is he to whom
I minister in time of need with no thought
of reward.

Deaths.

Harriet Prouty, at Shirley, Mass. Aug.
2, 1899. Age 88 yrs. 9 mo. and 20 days.

Sister Harriet had lived in the Commu-
nity from childhood, and has been a faith-
ful burden-bearer. J. W.

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THE MANIFESTO.

Do your work heartily. "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has done or said otherwise, shall give him no peace." So wrote the Sage of Concord.

Who of us has not proved the truth of his words! Do we shrink from our work? Do we deem it unimportant, and therefore worthy to be only slightly performed? What a mistake we make! What worm-wood in it all, as we drag through the allotted task; and is the result likely to be much more gratifying than our enforced toil?

A little girl whose bugbear was washing dishes, one evening surprised her mother, and the family circle generally, by joining them much earlier than was her wont. In reply to a question concerning the supper dishes she burst forth impetuously, "Oh, mamma! I just put my heart in it and did it up quick, and I want you to go out and look in the cupboard, and see if my dishes don't shine!" So it is in all things, great and small. If we put into our work the spirit of devotion and a hearty determination to make it "shine" we need call nothing drudgery. So whatever your hands find to do, do it with thy might.—*Selected.*

NOT YET.

Francis Ridley Havergal.

Nor yet thou knowest what I do,
O feeble child of earth,
Whose life is but to angel view
The morning of thy birth!
The smallest leaf, the simplest flower,
The wild bees' honey-cell,
Have lessons of my love and power
Too hard for thee to spell.

Thou knowest not how I uphold
The little thou dost scan;
And how much less canst thou unfold
My universal plan.
Where all thy mind can grasp of space
Is but a grain of sand;

The time thy boldest thoughts can trace
One ripple on the strand!

Not yet thou knowest what I do
In this wild, warring world,
Whose prince doth still triumphant view
Confusion's flag unfurled;
Nor how each proud and daring thought
Is subject to my will,
Each strong and secret purpose brought
My counsel to fulfill.

Not yet thou knowest how I bid
Each passing hour entwine
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
In one great love design;
Nor how I lead thee through the night.
By many a various way,
Still upward to unclouded light,
And onward to the day.

Not yet thou knowest what I do
Within thine own weak breast,
To mold thee to my image true,
And fit thee for my rest.
But yield thee to my loving skill;
The veiled work of grace,
From day to day progressing still,
It is not thine to trace.

Yes, walk by faith and not by sight,
Fast clinging to my hand;
Content to feel my love and might,
Not yet to understand.
A little while thy course pursue,
Till grace to glory grow;
Then what I am, and what I do,
Hereafter thou shalt know.—*Selected.*

THE Spaniards have a proverb, "The stone fit for a wall will not lie long in the road." Prepare yourself for something better, and something better will come. The great art of success is to be so faithful to the trusts committed to your keeping that you make yourself a necessity in the place you now are. Some one will recognize your worth, if it outshine your brother, and patient perseverance in your duty will most surely bring this about. The lesson which our Lord teaches us as to higher things is applicable to our daily pursuits, "He that hath to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance."—*Sunday at Home.*

THE MANIFESTO.

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